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THE
Greenwich LOVER'S
GARLAND;

Containing four Excellent New Songs.

- I. The faithful Mariner's Courtship to his beautiful Nancy, containing his Promise of Marriage at his return.
- II. Nancy's Constancy to William.
- III. The Merry Lover.
- IV. A New Song.



MULL: Printed and Sold in the Butchery.

The Greenwich Lovers.

To the Tune of, The Unconstant Woman.

SWEET William came to his pretty Nancy,
A Greenwich Damsel of beauty bright,
Said he, there's none but thee I fancy,
Thou art my jewel and Heart's delight:
For thy Promotion, I'll sail the Ocean,
To bring home Gold and Silver store,
With thee I'll marry, if thou wilt tarry,
Till I return to my Native Shore.

My sweetest Jewel, if thou wilt believe me,
Thou art the first Love that e'er I had,
Wherefore I hope thou'lt not deceive me,
For thou shalt find me a faithful Lad,
That's true and loyal, make no denial,
I vow I love thee for evermore,
I mean to marry, if thou wilt tarry,
Till I return to my native Shore.

When first thy Beauty I did discover,
Like to an Arrow it wounded me,
Oh! pity therefore a wounded Lover,
That now has fix'd his Heart on thee;
Then don't deny me, but pray try me,
Who for thy favour does thee implore,
And will marry, if thou wilt tarry,
'Till I return to my Native Shore.

Why stand'st thou silent my dearest Sweeting,
 Speak can thou love me, Aye or No,
 We ne'er can have a more happy Meeting,
 E'er I away to the Seas must go;
 Let this be broken now for a Token,
 That we will love for evermore,
 With Vows to marry, no longer tarry,
 But 'till I come to my Native Shore.

The Damsel then with a sweet Behaviour,
 She made the Sailor this reply;
 ' I thank you Sir, for your Love and Favour,
 ' But dare not venture, no not I;
 ' For should you leave me, and so deceive me,
 ' O that would grieve me for evermore.
 Fear not my Jewel, I cannot be cruel,
 For we will marry when I come on Shore.

Her Heart was tender and soon relented,
 At every Word the Sailor spoke,
 And when she had to his Love consented,
 A Piece of Gold betwixt them broke,
 One half he gave her, and said don't waver,
 Be constant to me for evermore,
 And we will marry, no longer tarry,
 But till I come to my Native Shore.

Tho' for a Season we must be parted,
 Yet never doubt my Fidelity,
 I will be faithful and loyal hearted,
 Whether I travel by Land or Sea;
 No Foreign Beauty shall quell my Duty,
 I'll keep my Promise for evermore,
 Then we will marry no longer tarry,
 Then till I come to my Native Shore.

I'll search Earth's Bowels, and plow the Ocean,
 For Gold and every precious Thing;
 My Love and Riches shall be my Portion;
 The Cargo home to my Love I'll bring:
 The Indian Treasure shall crown with Pleasure,
 My Joy and Jewel for evermore,
 Then we will marry, no longer tarry,
 But till I come to my Native Shore.

Farewel my Love I must be going,
 My Captain calls I must obey,
 Our Sails are spread, and the Winds are blowing,
 With speed we must our Anchor weigh;
 O cease thy weeping my Heart's in keeping,
 I'll live with thee for evermore,
 And then to marry, no longer tarry,
 But 'till I come to my Native Shore.

II. Nancy's Constancy to her beloved William.

WHILE William sailed to foreign Nations,
 Thro' foaming Waves on the curled Main,
 Sweet Nancy waited with constant patience,
 For William's safe return again;
 In private Praying, and often saying,
 Kind Heaven to him Protection give,
 For I'll not leave him, nor once deceive him,
 So long as I have a Day to live.

His precious Sayings a hidden Treasure,
 I'll lock up in this Breast of mine,
 When

When I can feast upon them with pleasure,
 When in my Chambers I do confine,
 Myself each Hour in Heaven's Power,
 To my sweet William Protection give,
 For I'll not leave him nor once deceive him,
 So long as I have a Day to live.

Sometimes in Bed as I am lying,
 Upon a downy Pillow soft,
 My Heart seems bleeding, fainting and dying,
 As tho' my Heart would mount aloft,
 Instead of sleeping, my Eyes are weeping,
 Morpheus no rest to me can give,
 For I'll not leave him, nor once deceive him,
 So long as I have a Day to live.

She by a Taylor's Son was courted,
 Who offer'd her a Chain of Gold,
 Quoth she, it shall not be reported,
 My Faith and Troth is bought and sold;
 Begone you Taylor, I'll have a Sailor,
 To whom I did my promise give,
 For I'll not leave him, nor once deceive him,
 So long as I have a Day to live.

The Eye of Heaven has often seen us,
 When that we together spoke,
 And sure the Vows that pass between us,
 Are sacred and must not be broke:
 I'll never faulter, nor seem to alter,
 'Till Death the fatal stroke shall give,
 Nor will I leave him nor once deceive him,
 So long as I have a Day to live.

Behold

Behold when fourteen Months or better,
 His Eastern Voyage he had pursued,
 From his kind Hand she receiv'd a Letter,
 Wherein at large he in love renew'd;
 Said, he sweet Maiden, I'm coming laden,
 With Riches which to thee I'll give,
 I'll never leave thee, nor once deceive thee,
 So long as I have a Day to live.

The Ship at length is flowing River,
 Was born along by the Wind and Tide,
 Farewell, quoth Will, to the Seas forever,
 I'll take myself to my virtuous Bride;
 For I have treasure, therefore with pleasure,
 The Days of Nancy I mean to crown,
 Tho' long they tarry'd, at last they marry'd,
 And live together in Greenwich Town.

The Merry Lover.

A New S O N G.

MY Jenny and I have toil'd,
 The live-long Summer Day,
 Till we were almost spoil'd,
 At making of the Hay;
 Her Kurchy was of Holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bonny Brow,

I whisper'd something in her Ear ;
But what's that to you.

Her Stockings were of Kersey green,
As tight as any Silk ;
On such a Leg was never seen,
Her Skin was white as Milk ;
Her Hair was black as one could wish,
And sweet sweet was her Mouth,
Oh ! Jenny daintily can kiss—
But what's that to you ?

The Rose and Lilly both combine,
To make my Jenny fair,
There's is no Beauty like to mine,
I almost have no Care ;
Only I fear my Jenny's Face,
May cause more Men to rue ;
And that may make me say, alas !
But what's that to you ?

Conceal thy Beauties, if thou can,
Hide that sweet Face of thine,
That I may only be the Man,
Enjoy these Looks divine,
O do not prostitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view !

And

(8)
And I with faithful Heart shall swear,
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had Wives anew,
And many a Concubine;
But I enjoy a bliss more true,
His Joys are short of mine;
And Jenny's happier than they.
She seldom vaunts her due;
All Debts of Love to her I pay,
And what is that to you?

A New S O N G.

TELL me dear charmer, tell me why
All our Joys so quickly cloy?
All but the Joys of loving thee,
And they alone immortal be.
They neither dull the mind nor Sense,
Nor lose their pleasing Influence,

For ever I, with fierce Desire,
Could gaze on thee, and never tire;
My ravish'd Ears could all Day long
Feast on the Music of thy Tongue;
And when that fails, yet still in you
I something find that's ever new.

END F I N I S



